THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

MILLENNIAL STAR.

Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.—Rev. xxii, 14.

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MY FIRST MISSION.

BY PRESIDENT GEORGE Q. CANNON.

CHAPTER VII.

START ON A TOUR AROUND THE ISLAND—ARRIVE AT WAILUKU—IN A REMARKABLE MANNER BECOME ACQUAINTED WITH J. H. NAPELA.

It was during a very wet season that I told the people I was going around the island. They thought it a great undertaking, and tried to persuade me not to go. I evidently had their sympathies; I was boyish-looking, and they called me a *keiki*, which in their language literally means "a child." Many times as I traveled along they would take my valise from me and carry it; and when I came to a stream of water, they would pack me across it. I passed through a number of villages, over a very rough, hilly country, and late one night I reached the town of Wailuku.

Up to this time, though I had been treated very kindly, I had not met with the persons whom I had been led to expect by the manifestations of the Spirit, would receive my testimony. The main part of the town of Wailuku was on the other side of a stream, in attempting to cross which I got wet. There were some missionary houses here, and as I passed through the town, I hoped that I should get an opportunity of being introduced to them; for I had made it a rule, thus far, not to pass a missionary without bearing testimony to him respecting my mission. But I was dusty and toilworn, and felt some diffidence about introducing myself. By this time I had partly come to the conclusion that, as the weather was so unfavorable I would return to Lahaina; and in passing through Wailuku I took a road which I thought led in that direction. I had scarcely got out of the town when I felt impressed to return, the Spirit telling me that if I would do so I should get an opportunity of being introduced to the missionary who resided there.

As I passed the churchyard two half-white women emerged from a house near by, and when they saw me they called to some men who were in the house "*E ka haole!*" which means, "Oh, the white man!" This they repeated two or three times, calling at the same time one of the men by name. As I walked along towards the picket fence, three men came out of the house, and stepped up towards the gate. When I got opposite to them I saluted them, being greeted by them in return. I had

passed but a few feet when the leader of the men inquired of me were I was going. I told him I thought of returning to Lahaina, on account of the weather. He said that as this was Saturday, I had better stop until Monday with him. He inquired of me who and what I was, and upon my informing him, his desire to have me stay was increased. I went into the house with him, and, after some little conversation, and an invitation to eat food, which he offered, he proposed that we should go up and see the missionary. This was what I wanted, and I embraced his proposal gladly.

The missionary's name was Conde; he was a native of Connecticut, and had been sent out by the American Board of Foreign Missions. We had a very pleasant conversation, during which he made many inquires respecting Utah, my object in coming to the islands, and our belief. He said he could not believe anything in modern revelation; but expressed a wish to read some of our works. I lent him the *Voice of Warning*, though I had little hope of it having any effect on him, as he had condemned the doctrines before he had heard or read them.

The moment I entered into the house of this native and saw him and his two friends, I felt convinced that I had met the men for whom I had been looking. The man who owned the house was a judge and a leading man in that section. His name was Jonatana H. Napela. It was he who visited Salt Lake City in 1866 in company with Elder George Nebeker. His companions' names were Uaua and Kaleohano. They were all three afterwards baptized and ordained to be Elders, and all are still members of the Church. They were graduates of the high school in the country, fine speakers and reasoners, and were men of standing and influence in the community. Napela was very anxious to know my belief, and wherein our doctrines differed from those taught by the missionaries in their midst. I explained to him, so well as I could, our principles, with which he seemed very well satisfied. But next day after the service in their church, Mr. Conde called Napela and a number of the leading men together, and endeavored to poison their minds against our doctrines, by telling all kinds of lies about the Prophet Joseph and the people of Utah. I learned this at supper by the inquiries which Napela and a number of his friends who were present, made of me. Their questions were of such a nature as to prove to me that somebody had been telling them lies. I afterwards learned that it was the missionary's work.

The Spirit rested powerfully upon me and I told them I had the truth, and besought them, as they valued their souls, not to reject it until they could understand it for themselves; that I should soon be able to explain it fully unto them; that the principles were contained in the Bible, and were eternal truth. They were melted to tears, and promised me that they would not decide that our principles were false until they had a full opportunity of judging for themselves. Which promise, I am happy to say, most of them kept, and I had the pleasure of baptising them into the Church.

I am particular in mentioning this circumstance to show the boys who may read this work that, when they go on missions, and they are in the line of their duty, it is their privilege to have revelations from the Lord to guide them in all their steps. I was led to expect, before I left Lahaina, that I would find those who would receive me. Up to the time I reached Wailuku, I had not found them, and then when I thought it best to go back by another road, and through other villages, to Lahaina, I was told if I would return into Wailuku that I should obtain my desire in getting an interview with the missionary. The half-white women who saw me were Napela's wife and her sister. There was something very remarkable in their crying out as they did to him and his companions in the house when they saw me. They met with whites very frequently, and it was nothing strange for them to pass as I did. This was often alluded to in conversations which we had afterwards, and they wondered why they should have done so. I know that it was the Lord's doings; for if they had not called out,

I should have passed unnoticed and missed them. To my sight, the Lord's hand was plainly visible in it all, and I thanked Him for His mercy and goodness.

ARE WE DOING ALL THAT WE CAN?

The great responsibilities resting upon the people of God, and especially upon those holding the Everlasting Priesthood, are so great and important, that we are often led to inquire whether we as individuals, are doing not only "our share" of the work, but all that lies in our power to perform? And this even should not be limited to our natural capacities or talents, but are we receiving all the aid from the Lord, which it is our right and privilege to enjoy, by earnestly seeking after God? Some doubtless think that if they do just what has been requested of them by the brethren in charge, and no more, they have done their duty, and there ends the responsibility as far as they are concerned; but on proper reflection it will be seen that the Holy Spirit is given to the Saints for the very purpose of prompting them to deeds of righteousness all the day long. The Lord has said "it is a slothful servant that waits to be commanded." In a revelation given through Joseph, the Seer, in Zion, in Jackson County, Missouri, August 1st 1831, the Lord speaks in the following pointed language;—"For behold, it is not meet that I should command in all things, for he that is compelled in all things, the same is slothful and not a wise servant; wherefore he receiveth no reward.

Verily I say, men should be anxiously engaged in a good cause, and do many things of their own free will, and bring to pass much righteousness;

For the power is in them, wherein they are agents unto themselves. And inasmuch as men do good they shall in no wise lose their reward.

But he that doeth not anything until he is commanded, and receiveth a commandment with doubtful heart, and keepeth it with slothfulness, the same is damned."

It is plainly to be seen by this quotation that it devolves on the servants of God to reflect upon the nature and requirements of his work, and to heed the whisperings of His Spirit, so that when we are prompted thereby to do good, to spread truth, promote righteousness and strengthen the work of the Lord, we may profit by the Heavenly suggestions of the "Monitor within us," and reaching out for God's aid and blessing, do all that we can to accomplish the greatest possible good during our earthly probation.

Many of us have received great promises under the hands of Apostles, Patriarchs and other servants of God. But we should not forget that these promises depend for their fulfillment upon our willingness to do our best to merit them. No promise can deprive us of our agency. It is not because a man may be promised a long life, that he cannot deprive himself of the blessing by wicked or unwise acts forbidden in the counsels of God. He may shorten his otherwise lengthened life by drink, licentiousness, overwork or any other cause of decay. Let none therefore deceive themselves on these things. The Lord gives us light on this subject in the same revelation above referred to.

"Who am I, saith the Lord, that have promised and have not fulfilled? I command and a man obeys not, I revoke and they receive not the blessing;

Then they say in their hearts, this is not the work of the Lord, for his promises are not fulfilled. But wo unto such, for their reward lurketh beneath, and not from above."

Let us then as servants of Christ do all that we can, keep the commandments, but also "do many things of our own free will, and bring to pass much righteousness," that we may have the highest reward in the Celestial Kingdom!

CHAS. W. STAYNER.

LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

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(From the Salt Lake Woman's Exponent.)

To some this may appear to be a very singular, if not an extravagant statement.

You look upon this life, and upon this world, and you derive from them, it may be, a very different impression. You see the earth, perhaps, only as a collection of blind, obdurate, inexorable elements and powers; you look upon the mountains, that stands fast forever; you look upon the seas, that roll upon every shore their ceaseless tides; you walk through the annual round of the seasons; all things seem to be fixed — Summer and Winter, seedtime and harvest, growth and decay. And so they are.

But does not the mind spread its own hue over all these scenes? Does not the cheerful person make a cheerful world? Does not the sorrowing person make a gloomy world? Does not every mind make its own world? Does it not appear as if indeed a portion of the divinity were imparted to it, almost creating the scene around it? Its powers, in fact, scarcely fall short of the peculiar theory of those philosophers, who have supposed that the world had no existence but in their own minds.

So, again, with regard to human life. It seems to many, probably, unconscious as they are of the mental and moral powers which control it, as if it were made up of fixed conditions and of immense and impassable distinctions. But upon all conditions presses down one impartial law—to all situations, to all fortunes, high or low, the mind gives their character; they are in effect not what they are in themselves, but what they are to the feelings of their possessors. The king upon his throne, and amidst his court, may be a mean, degraded, miserable man, a slave to ambition, to voluptuousness, to fear, to every low passion. The peasant in his cottage may be the real monarch—the moral master of his fate, the free and lofty being, more than a prince in happiness, more than a king in honor. And shall the mere names which these men bear blind us to the actual position which they occupy amidst God's creation? No; beneath that all powerful law of the heart, the master is often the slave, and the slave the master.

It is the same creation upon which the eyes of the cheerful and the melancholy look, yet how different are the aspects which it bears to them. To the one it is all beauty and gladness; the waves of the ocean roll in light, and the mountains are covered with day. It seems as if life went forth rejoicing upon every bright wave and every shining bough shaken in the breeze. It seems that there were more than the eye seeth—a presence of deep joy among the hills and valleys, and upon the bright waters. But the gloomy one, stricken and sad at heart, stands mournfully gazing at the same scenes, and what is it to him? The very light seems a leaden pall thrown over the face of nature; all things wear a dull, dim and sickly aspect. The great train of the seasons are passing before them, but they sigh and turn away, as though it was the train of a funeral procession; and they wonder at the poetic representations and sentimental rhapsodies that are lavished upon a world so utterly miserable.

Here, then, are two different worlds in which these two classes of beings live; yet they are formed and made what they are out of the very same material, only by different states of mind in the beholders. The eye maketh that which it looks upon, the ear maketh its own melodies or discords, and the world without reflects the world within. Every disposition and all behavior has a kind of magnetic attraction by which it draws to itself its like. Selfishness will hardly be a centre round which the benevolent affections cling. The cold-hearted may expect to be treated with coldness; the proud with haughtiness; the passionate with anger, and the violent with rudeness. Those who forget the rights of others, need not be surprised if their own are forgotten; and those who forget their dig-

nity, and who stoop to the lowest embraces of sense, must not wonder if others are not concerned to find their prostrate honor and lift it up to the remembrances and respect of the world. To the gentle, how many will be gentle; to the kind, how many will be kind; how many does a loving example win to goodness; how many does meekness subdue to a like manner, when they come into its presence; how many does sanctity purify, how many does it command to put away all earthly defilements, when they step into its presence. Yes, the good will find goodness in the world, the person of honor will find honor, and the person of principle will find a principle of religious integrity in the hearts of others. There are no blessings which the mind may not convert into the bitterest evils, and there are no trials which it may not transform into the most noble and divine of blessings; there are no temptations from which the virtue they assail may not gain strength.

HANNAH C. NORTON.

OBJECTIONS TO THE BOOK OF MORMON.

(From the Salt Lake "Contributor.")

II.

A short time ago we came across the following objection:

"The Book of Mormon, claiming to have been written without a knowledge of the New Testament, and much of it before the New Testament was written, repeatedly quoted from the New Testament. In the Book of Ether, purporting to have been written many centuries before the first advent, and to have been translated and transcribed by Moroni, we read concerning 'the Scriptures which saith, there are they who were first, who shall be last; and there are they who were last who shall be first.' Mark this point; this is the most ancient record spoken of in the Book of Mormon on this continent, preceding the writings of Lehi and Nephi; and as Ether's people came from the Tower of Babel, and could have brought with them no Scriptures of later date, from the other continent, and as none of the Old Testament Scriptures were then written, what Scriptures can here be referred to but those in the New Testament, where we find similar language? 'The Scriptures which saith' can be found nowhere else. In Luke xiii, 30, we read: 'There are last that shall be first, and there are first that shall be last;' and in Matthew xix, 30: 'Many that are first shall be last, and many that are last shall be first.' If we were only writing a statement similar to Christ's, it would be different from an affirmation that it was said in Scripture, even before the Old Testament was written, or at least before Ether knew of its having been written, he being a descendant of those who emigrated to this continent at the confounding of language, before the Old Testament was written."

The whole of this objection is based on a falsehood. The objector claims that the Book of Ether, as it is given us in the sacred writings of the Nephites, "is the most ancient record spoken of in the Book of Mormon," and on this supposition he bases his absurd arguments. He confounds the Book of Ether in the Book of Mormon with the original record on the twenty-four plates found by the people of Limhi, from which it was abridged by Moroni, which plates were known to the Nephites as the Book of Ether. But Moroni and not Ether was the author of the Book of Ether contained in the Book of Mormon. The proofs of this are most positive. The book itself commences with the words, "And now I, Moroni,* proceed to give an account of these ancient inhabitants," etc. The second verse opens with "And I take mine

* The expression "I, Moroni," occurs eleven times in the Book of Ether, but "I, Ether," never. He is always referred to in the third person.

account from the twenty and four plates." The opening sentences of the third, fourth, fifth and sixth verses are respectively:

"And as *I suppose* that the first part of this record."

"Therefore *I do not write* those things."

"But behold *I do not give the full account*, but a part of the account *I give*, from the Tower down, until they were destroyed."

"And on this wise do *I give* the account."

Again, the fifth, sixth and ninth and thirteenth chapters each commence with a statement which shows that the writings were Moroni's and not Ether's. Each in its order, the opening clauses are as follows:

"And now I, Moroni, have written the words which were commanded me."

"And now I, Moroni, proceed to give the record of Jared and his brother."

"And now I, Moroni, proceed with my record."

"And now I, Moroni, proceed to finish my record."

Thus, time after time, Moroni, the last of the Nephite Prophets, calls the Book of Ether "my record." It was not a transcript, or translation, but a very short abridgement of the twenty-four plates found by the subjects of the Nephite king Limhi, in which Moroni has inserted many original remarks of his own, interpolations, explanatory notes and prophecies. After he had finished his abridgement, he commences his own record (the Book of Moroni) with the remark, "Now I, Moroni, after having made an end of abridging the account of the people of Jared," etc.

Nor is Moroni's account of the people of Jared a literal translation of the twenty-four plates. It is a very short abridgement in his own words. As already quoted, he expressly states, "I do not give a *full* account, but a *part* of the account I give" (Ether i, 5), and still more emphatically does he declare at the close of his abridgement, "And the *hundredth* part I have not written" (Ether xv, 33), and yet again. "And now, as I, Moroni, said, I would not make a full account of these things," etc. The simple fact is that Moroni's abridgement is no more the original Book of Ether as written on the twenty-four plates, than is any historical discourse on the Jaredites delivered by Elder Orson Pratt or other servants of God living in this generation. The difference is that one is the work of the fourth or fifth century, and the other of the nineteenth. Thus all arguments based on the great antiquity of the Book of Ether fall to the ground, as would reasonings in the same direction on the antiquity of Farrar's "Life of Christ" because it is based upon the writings of the four Evangelists. Moroni's work is simply a comparatively modern abridgement of a very ancient record.

The objector above quoted untruthfully asserts that the original Book of Ether was "translated and transcribed by Moroni." We have already shown, according to his own account, that he did not transcribe it, but only gave so short a synopsis or abridgement that he did not write one hundredth part of the original record. It is also incorrect that he translated it. The twenty-four plates containing the record of the Jaredites were translated by Mosiah, king of the Nephites, some five hundred years before Moroni made his abridgement. For proof of this read the twenty-eighth chapter of Mosiah, from the tenth verse to the end.

The "Book of Ether" having thus been written by Moroni, he had at his command from which to quote when he wrote it, all the Scriptures brought from Jerusalem by Lehi, and all the writings of the inspired servants of God amongst the Nephites and Lamanites, as well as the twenty-four plates of Ether. And as we have no detailed statement of all the Scriptures brought from Jerusalem, nor a tithe of the writings of the ancient Nephite Priesthood, we must be presumptuous, indeed, to assert that he had no such Scriptures in his possession, and that the quotation must be stolen from the New Testament. Who can say that this quotation was not in the Book of Enoch, or of Josher, mentioned in the Bible, or in the Books of Neum, Zenos or

Zenock quoted in the Book of Mormon, or indeed that it could not be found in the writings of Alma or some other Nephite Prophet? No one. To accuse a writer of forgery or falsehood because we have not the work from which he quotes is no argument at all, when it is positively known that many books are lost at this late day from which he could in his time have quoted. Numbers of the sayings of the New Testament writers supposed by the world to be original, are quotations from the ancient Hebrew Prophets. For instance, the saying of the Savior that "Abraham saw his day and was glad" (John viii, 56), refers to a parallel passage in the Book of Genesis as originally written, and restored to us by the Prophet Joseph Smith, so also is Paul's disquisition on the Melchizedec Priesthood, found in the seventh chapter of Hebrews. This is also a quotation from the original writings of Moses as they appeared in the Book of Genesis when it existed in its entirety.

There is nothing extraordinary in the supposition that men inspired by the same spirit should write the same truths, and frequently in almost the same language, for the reason that the language they use is the most appropriate to the subject and best expresses the idea. Especially is this the case with men inspired by the Holy Spirit of God; that Spirit produces a oneness, and the more marked will be that oneness, the more of that Spirit men possess. Then it must not be wondered at if men dwelling in remotely distant lands, or at widely separate eras of the world's history, treat upon the same doctrine in very much the same manner. For instance, we cite the teachings of Paul and Mormon on Charity; but in which, in our opinion, the Nephite disciple has the advantage in some expressions and detail. It is not to be expected that as great a Gospel truth as that the first shall be last and the last first would not have been referred to by some inspired writer before Christ's day. The improbability is altogether on the other side.

But even admitting that this disputed quotation appeared in the original writings of Ether, what then? Had he not the Scriptures of the Antideluvian Patriarchs—the Book of Enoch and other sacred writings? If not, from whence did he get his account of the history of the world from the creation to the building of the Tower of Babel, which Moroni altogether passes over in his abridgement? If he did not get his facts from early Scriptures in his possession, he received them by Divine revelation, as did Moses. In either case it is impossible for any man to say this quotation does not appear. Again, there were many great Prophets among the Jaredites. What about their teachings and writings? Ether was acquainted with them, for they are frequently spoken of. Why should we fancy that not one of them ever gave expression to the truth? We have no valid reasons for such a supposition. But to finish the matter, and show how entirely untruthful is the assertion that his quotation can only be found in the New Testament, we make the following extract from the parable of Zenos as recorded in the Book of Jacob.

"Graft in the branches, begin at the last that they may be first, and that the first may be last, and dig about the trees, both old and young, the first and the last, and the last and the first, that all may be nourished once again for the last time." (Jacob v, 63.)

Or if that language is not sufficiently pointed, we will turn to the words of the angel recorded in the writings of Nephi, when he says, "Then He, Jesus, shall manifest himself unto the Gentiles and also unto the Jews, and the last shall be first, and the first shall be last" (1 Nephi, xiii, 42). Surely the words of an angel are Scripture.

GEO. REYNOLDS.

The nature of man is not confined within his intellectual faculties, but includes them. There are his will-power, his moral sense, his spiritual aspirations, his affections, all coming into active exercise with every dawn of intelligence, and moulding his character day by day.

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

MONDAY, APRIL 10, 1882.

ACKNOWLEDGE YOUR FAULTS.

"He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." —JESUS.

If there is one thing more than another in the character of a great man, which challenges respect and admiration, and proves most conclusively his worthiness to the title, it is the readiness with which he acknowledges a fault, confesses an error, and manifests sincere repentance for wrong-doing. We would not be understood as affirming that none are great but those who evince this disposition, for that would be to the exclusion of many whose virtues well merit consideration and esteem, but we do feel confident in asserting that among the great they are the greatest, among the noble the noblest, and among the admired, most deserving of admiration.

Many people consider it an evidence of weakness to acknowledge a mistake or to own that they are ever in the wrong, and flatter themselves with the idea that they display true courage and heroic firmness by refusing to repent of an evil act, by declining to concede a personal imperfection, or persisting in a mistaken belief or practice after having been convinced of the error of their course. A more egregious blunder could scarcely be committed. The facts are exactly to the contrary. It is weakness which induces anyone, after having been persuaded of an error, to still cling to that error. It is not courage, it is cowardice, not firmness, but stubbornness, which prevents a person from acknowledging a fault, or repenting of an evil deed. The man of genuine courage is he who dares confess his follies and imperfections; the soul of strength and firmness, which everybody must honor and admire, is the one which forsakes and resists the allurements of evil, and stands up for the right in the face of every opposing power or influence.

Various opinions are entertained as to what constitutes greatness of character. With the ignorant masses it would be aristocratic rank, high official station, or the possession of unlimited wealth; with the more enlightened classes, military prowess or great intellectual achievements; but to the true Christian there is but one idea worthy to be accepted as a criterion of guidance in the carving out and formation of a perfect character. The noblest Being that ever walked the earth, could claim no worldly rank or aristocratic title; the mightiest Character the world has ever seen came neither to dazzle by intellectual brilliance nor to devastate with fire and sword; the wealthiest and greatest of all the sons of God had not bread to eat nor where to lay his aching head. He was one who preached purity of mind and lowliness of heart, and practiced what he preached with all consistency. He taught his followers that moral worth was superior to mental

endowment; that humility, not haughtiness, was characteristic of nobility on High; that all who would be masters hereafter, must expect to be servants in this probation; that it was far more heroic to save than to slaughter mankind, and that the chief lesson of life was to learn to sacrifice earthly things in order to lay up treasures in heaven. He taught that repentance of sins must necessarily precede redemption therefrom, since it was impossible for sin to inherit his holy kingdom. He exhorted to beware of self-righteousness, and declared that the publican, who with bended head and humility of heart cried out "God be merciful unto me a sinner," was more to be justified than the proud and boastful Pharisee who, instead of confessing his sins and humbly suing for forgiveness, stood erect in self-righteous conceit, thanking the Lord that he had no sins, and congratulating himself that he was pure and holy in the eyes of that Being whose voice calls all men to repentance, and declares that all who say they are without sin deceive themselves and the truth is not in them.

Two classes of Pharisees abound in modern society; those who actually imagine they are without fault, and those who, though conscious of defects, stubbornly refuse to acknowledge them. The former, enveloped in pious vanity and lulled into fancied security by the delusive hope that their souls are already "saved," sit down in the very midst of the fight, take off their armor and lay aside their weapons, as complacently as if the battle was already won; while the others, like the inmates of a beleaguered city, conscious of weakness and certain of eventual defeat, but wilfully preferring death and dishonor to the merciful alternative of an honorable surrender, entrench themselves behind the weak walls of arrogance and pride, and await the onslaught of the all-conquering foe. Poor dupes of priestcraft and iniquity! The blind worshipper of self, however rapt in the ecstacies of sanctified egotism, will find too late that the warfare against sin ends only with life itself, and that "hopes of salvation," without truth for a basis and reason for a guide, are as ineffectual as faith without works or zeal without judgment. As for those who knowingly wed themselves to error, loving darkness rather than light, and choosing the paths of sin to the ways of righteousness, the day of their disaster is near. The battering rams of eternal truth will soon be leveled at their crumbling walls, the refuge of lies will be swept away, and the acts of folly and wickedness they were once ashamed to confess, proclaimed in a voice of thunder from the house tops. It is a great mistake to suppose anything is to be lost by acknowledging sin, and covenanting to forsake it forever. On the contrary, everything is to be gained. God has declared that he cannot look upon sin with the least degree of allowance. How then can a man please God if he will not repent of his sins? How can he repent if he will not acknowledge that he has sins? And how can he claim that he has no sins without branding himself as a liar, and consequently as a sinner in the sight of heaven?

It is the act of a hero to acknowledge an error. It is the act of a coward to deny or resent a righteous accusation. Herod was a coward when he imprisoned and beheaded John the Baptist for reprimanding him for committing the crime of adultery. David was never more a hero than when, on being accused of a similar misdeed, he humbly acknowledged his transgression. The

contrast is sublime. Herod, the petty tetrarch, with the instincts of a guilty coward, resenting the imputation and wreaking vengeance upon his accuser; David, the illustrious monarch, with a thousand fold his power and prestige, bending from his throne before one of the meanest of his subjects, and humbly confessing the crime of which he was accused. David before Goliath was not so brave a man as David before Nathan the Prophet. Deprive him of one dark stain upon his life, and the royal son of Jesse stands out as one of the grandest characters in the history of the world. A king, wealthy and powerful, a warrior, mighty and renowned, a poet whose genius was the literary splendor of his age; but as a king he was never greater, as a warrior never mightier, as a poet never grander or more sublimely pathetic, than when he bowed his head and wept, exclaiming "I have sinned against the Lord."

FAREWELL.

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On Wednesday the 12th inst., Elder Charles W. Stayner, who during the last eighteen months has labored in the editorial department of this Office, sails for home on board the S.S. *Nevada*, of the Guion Line. Brother Stayner accompanied by his wife arrived in Liverpool on the 28th of May, 1880, and on the following day was appointed to the Nottingham Conference, where he was requested to receive and take charge of its affairs during the interim between the release of President David C. Dunbar and the arrival of Elder Oscar F. Hunter, his successor in office, who had been detained in the Norwich Conference. Elder Stayner then labored as a Traveling Elder in the Nottingham Conference until October 7, 1880, when he was summoned to Liverpool to succeed Elder John Nicholson as Assistant Editor of the MILLENNIAL STAR. President Budge having sailed for home, Elder Stayner was left by him in charge of the affairs of the European Mission, pending the arrival of President Albert Carrington from Utah. Since that time he has been busily occupied with literary and other duties, publishing, in addition to his valuable writings for the STAR, the well known tract entitled "Objectionable Features." He has also done effective service in preaching the Gospel in the public parks of Liverpool, in attending different Conferences, and visiting Saints and strangers at their own firesides. He returns to Zion in excellent health and spirits, leaving an enviable record behind, and followed by the prayers and blessings of a host of friends and well wishers. We bid brother and sister Stayner an affectionate farewell, wishing them a speedy and pleasant voyage over the mighty deep, and a continuation of peace, prosperity and happiness in the midst of God's people in Zion.

RELEASE AND APPOINTMENT.—John Stoddard is released from being Traveling Elder in the Glasgow Conference, and is appointed Traveling Elder in the Newcastle Conference, and is expected to repair to his new field at his earliest convenience.

TO CONFERENCE PRESIDENTS.—The Presidents of the various Conferences throughout Great Britain, are requested to send in their financial reports for the quarter ending March 31, 1882, at as early a date as possible.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM WALES.

Monarchy Lock, near Cardiff,
March 26, 1882.

President A. Carrington.

Dear Brother, — Having been released to return home with the first company of the season, I herewith furnish a brief synopsis of my labors in the Mission. I left home on the 13th of April, 1880, and landed in Liverpool on the 29th, and was assigned by President Budge to the Welsh Conference, to labor under the direction of Elder John G. Jones. I first labored in the Carmarthen, Cardigan and Pembrokeshire District, but circumstances afterward called me into Llanelly. In company with Elders L. E. Harman and W. D. Williams, I held a great many open-air meetings. I afterwards traveled in the Glamorgan and Monmouth District. We are now making arrangements to have some tracts printed in Welsh, which will much expedite the labors of the Elders in this field. The people here, as elsewhere, have much misunderstood the Saints, and their prejudice, to some extent, prevents them from investigating the Truth. I thank you very kindly for your pleasant visits among us, which have been much appreciated by the Saints and by many friends. The Saints, as a majority, are doing the best they can. They are paying their Tithing, supporting the Mission, and also assisting in spreading the truth, by tracting and otherwise, and I am pleased to say, are doing something towards their emigration. We have been baptizing some lately. Last month seven were added to the Church in the Monmouth and Glamorgan District, and one in Pembroke.

I desire to thank the Saints for their great kindness to me during my stay in their midst, and I pray God to bless them with his Holy Spirit. I bear testimony that I know that Joseph Smith was a Prophet of God, and with best wishes for yourself, I remain as ever,

Your brother in the Gospel,
JOHN EVANS.

LETTER FROM SCOTLAND.

Falkirk, April 3, 1882.

President Albert Carrington.

Dear Brother,—As I have been released to return home, I send you a brief account of my missionary labors. I left Salt Lake City on the 9th of October, 1880. On my arrival in Liverpool, I was appointed by President Budge to labor in the Glasgow Conference, where I was assigned to the Ayshire District, in company with Elder Jos. W. Burt. After spending the winter in this District, I was appointed to labor in Lanarkshire, with Elder Thomas Jack, since which time I have travelled in Lanarkshire and Sterlingshire till now. During this time I have also had as successive companions, Elders Gibson Condie and Robert Ure, with all of whom I spent many happy days. We have attended many out-door meetings, both in the towns and country places, distributed many tracts, and endeavored to lay before the people the Gospel of Jesus Christ, revealed in our day. I cannot leave without expressing my thanks to all who have administered to my comfort in these lands, for I feel that I am under a debt of gratitude to many, whom I may not be able to repay, but for whom I solicit the blessings of heaven, for the comfort they have administered to the servants of God. And I exhort all the Saints to live their religion, and to ever keep the Spirit of the Lord, that they may overcome temptation and gain the blessings of everlasting life. May prosperity attend your labors for the advancement of God's work in these lands, and may his blessing rest upon all who are with you and upon the faithful everywhere.

Your brother in the Gospel,
W. S. BRIGHTON.

Though flattery blossoms like friendship, yet there is a great difference in the fruit.

A TRUE FRIEND.

("*From the Salt Lake Juvenile Instructor.*")

When the billows of persecution and mobocracy had swept through those portions of Illinois where the Latter-day Saints were located and it became necessary for our people to sacrifice their lands and homes and flee before their enemies into the wilderness, and when the Pioneers and the leading camps had reached the Missouri River, a call or requisition was made by the government for five hundred volunteers from the "Mormon" camps to enlist as soldiers to serve in the Mexican war. In response to this call, President Young advised all the young and able-bodied men to hold themselves in readiness to enlist. In order to comply with this request, I secured board and lodging at Colonel Sarpy's, on the east side of the Missouri River, at Council Point, as Bishop George Miller's camp (with which I had traveled from Nauvoo) had crossed the river and moved on westward.

On the 7th of July, 1846, while I was waiting at Colonel Sarpy's for the Battalion to be organized and mustered into service, a stranger, Colonel ——, arrived at the point and obtained board and lodging at the same place. After gaining an introduction to me, he soon entered into an animated conversation relative to our people, their history, religion, etc. I found him to be a very pleasant and affable gentleman, and easy and pleasant in conversation. However, at first, I was a little cautious in my replies to some of his questions, as the Colonel was a government official, and it occurred to me that he might be "spying out our liberties." This he soon noticed, and produced a letter of recommendation from Brother J. C. Little, saying at the same time that Brother Little was the first "Mormon" he had met with and that I was the second. It was but a short time until I fully understood his spirit and his motives. I soon found that his sympathies and good feelings were all in our favor.

From this time on, I was greatly inspired in all my conversation with him. I enjoyed much light and liberty in teaching to him the first principles of the Gospel. He seemed to comprehend readily and to receive the truths that were taught, and to take great interest in the same. During the two or three weeks we spent together, he often expressed his wonder and surprise that an obscure and unassuming, beardless boy could impart such a vast amount of light and truth, and point out Bible proofs for all, which he, who had been brought up in the great city of Philadelphia, with all the advantages which wealth, education and position could afford, had failed to discover. He acknowledged too, that he had learned more about the great truths of the Bible in a few days while with me than in all his life before from the most learned divines of the day.

Our traveling camps had begun to locate for a rest and to recruit their teams, etc. One of these camps (Bishop Miller's, as before mentioned) had crossed the river and encamped at the "Cold Springs," four miles west, while many were stationed in the timber on the Missouri River bottoms, on the eastern shore. The greatest bulk of our camps though, were located ten or twelve miles east of the river out on the bluffs. While we were thus situated, the Colonel would often propose visits to some of these camps on the bottom, and during these visits I introduced him to many of our people. He seemed to take in, and understand our situation, our motives and aspirations. He appreciated and praised our heroic resignation to the inevitable, and our determination to meet and overcome every obstacle and to bear uncomplainingly every trial. He noticed our simple trust in God, and our noble resolve to be happy amid the severest hardships and privations.

The Colonel often proposed a moonlight stroll through the woods. And during our walks he delighted to converse about our people—what they had done, and were enduring, their

high aim, and their uncompromising determination to succeed. During one of these rambles, we heard one of our men praying in secret in the skirt of the woods in the rear of one of our camps. Although we were not near enough to distinguish words or sentences, it seemed to affect the Colonel deeply, and as we walked away he observed that our people were a praying people, and that was evidence enough to him that we were sincere and honest in our faith.

Not long after this when taking another walk, following a narrow path through a thicket of undergrowth, we came suddenly within a few feet of a man who had just commenced to pray. As we wore on our feet Indian moccasins, we made no perceptible noise, and the man evidently thought himself alone and praying in secret. At the time, I was in the path just in the rear of the Colonel, who, on hearing the beginning of the man's supplication, halted, and in doing so, turned half round, with his face in the bright light of the full moon, and in such a position that every feature was plain to my view.

I never listened to such a prayer, so contrite, so earnest and fervent, and so full of inspiration. We had involuntarily taken off our hats as though we were in sacred presence. I never can forget my feelings on that occasion. Neither can I describe them, and yet the Colonel was more deeply affected than I was. As he stood there I could see the tears falling from his face, while his bosom swelled with the fullness of his emotions. And for some time after the man had arisen from his knees and walked away towards his encampment, the Colonel sobbed like a child and could not trust himself to utter a word. When, finally, he did get control of his feelings, his first words were, "I am satisfied; your people are solemnly and terribly in earnest."

About a week from the time of the Colonel's arrival at Council Point, he asked me to accompany him to the camps out on the bluffs, as he desired greatly to see President Brigham Young. I complied with his request, and, after procuring a horse and saddle apiece, we started on our visit.

About half-way out we came upon brother Orson Pratt's encampment by the side of the road, where he had halted to noon. I introduced the Colonel to brother Pratt, who was so favorably impressed with his new acquaintance, that he returned to bluffs with us, to "Brigham's Camp," as it was called.

The Colonel was there introduced to President Young and five others of the Twelve. The interview was of the most pleasant nature, so much so that the Colonel talked of nothing else during our ride of ten miles back to Council Point.

The Battalion was organized and mustered into service, soon after which we received the order to march, at which time I took my leave of one of the most pleasant men it has ever been my lot to meet. In parting, with tears in his eyes, he besought me to remember him in my prayers.

In 1858, when our people were environed and threatened with a hostile army, I met him again, at Cedar City, February 20, 1858, as a messenger of peace coming to our rescue. And when I wondered at his knowing me so readily, he replied, "I would have forgotten my mother as soon." Continuing, he said: "Soon after you and I parted on the banks of the Missouri River, I was taken sick and grew worse and worse till I gave up to die, when an old man" (Father John Smith) "came to me and laid his hands upon me, and prayed for me, and said I should live and not die, and that I should return in health and safety to my home in Philadelphia, and after that I should marry me a wife and she should bear unto me a daughter, and after that a son and other children, and that I should live to do a great work in the earth; all of which has been fulfilled to the letter, except the great work, of which I always had my doubts."

When the waves of persecution and opposition were coming up mountain high, and when in the halls of Congress there prevailed a spirit of determination to pass proscriptive, special and unconstitutional measures against the people of this Territory, I again met the Colonel, also his wife, come again on an errand of mercy, with words of encouragement and sympa-

thy. This last time he came to us marred and scarred and maimed from the battle fields of the rebellion, but still the same heroic messenger of peace and good will.

The signs of the times whisper, "We may soon see him, or some more powerful messenger, come again to our rescue."

H. G. BOYLE.

JERUSALEM.

(From the March "Atlantic.")

Everybody knows the general aspect of Jerusalem now. Ordnance surveys, societies for exploration, Sunday school teachers, and artistic friends have brought pictures of it for those of us who live in these most remote corners; Jerusalem itself, be it remembered, being in the "middle of the world." Indeed, such is the ease of travel now, that it is safe to take for granted, in any considerable assembly, that some one is present who has walked in the streets of Jerusalem, has seen the Jews weeping by its walls, and can describe from personal remembrance the Mosque of Omar.

This general aspect helps us in forming an idea of what it looked like 1850 years ago,—of which by misfortune, there is no description. Of the temple and its glories, as all readers know, there is very full description; but the indifference of the ancients to the picturesque, and even to topography, leaves us to construct for ourselves the Jerusalem of the Gospel time. Still, the slopes of the hills are there; the olive-trees and the anemones and the cyclamens, with the rest of the spring vegetation, are there. The wood has been destroyed from the country generally by the ravages of Islam and Islam's wars. But the neighborhood of a city as large as Jerusalem was then is never heavily wooded. The population of the city itself was then six or eight times what it is now. Such a population requires diligent farming and market gardening in the neighborhood. So that it is probable that the country around had more farm-houses and hamlets and other aspects of habitation than it has now. But, making such allowances for changes, the traveler to-day has a right to feel that he looks on much such a landscape as the traveler coming down to Jerusalem from Jericho saw in the days of Jesus Christ. A New Englander sometimes catches a bit of landscape in his own region which reminds him, if the conditions of sky and climate are right, of these rounded hills and rounded olive-trees and closer olive-orchards. I have a photograph of a piece of "hill country" near Jerusalem, which may easily be mistaken for a home scene in Northern Middlesex or Southern New Hampshire. You have only to select a bit of rolling country, well covered with orchards, without New England houses, forests, evergreens, or pines, but with a fair share of stone walls, photograph it, and place the picture in your portfolio, between a view of Jaffa and one of the Dead Sea, and even an experienced pilgrim would take it up and say, "And this is somewhere near Jerusalem."

The city was built so long ago that nobody knows when. It is on the crest line between the waters of the Dead Sea valley and those which flow into the Mediterranean. The hills on which it stands were abrupt enough to make an admirable fortress; what has been said of rounded slopes does not apply to them. Fortress it was in the days of the Jebusites, when David took it. After his time it assumed the state and importance of a capital. And this was no little state and importance when it meant a capital to which "the tribes come up three times a year." Josephus says—in what is probably an unintentional exaggertion—that at the time of the Passover, a million and a quarter people assembled in it, or in tents around

it. Even if this is not true, it gives an idea of what an intelligent man thought true in times immediately after Christ's visits to the city.

It is not so much a matter of regret that we have not the physical picture of Jerusalem of that day, as we have from the Gospels and from many other writings of these times good glimpses of social order there, and of men's habits of life. All this recent delving into the Talmud and kindred writings, which has taught something even to superficial readers, gives local color for any picture of Gospel times. And all the photography in the world would never help us to any knowledge of Jerusalem as it was then,—though we had perspectives of Herod's temple, and elevations by Herod's architects, —unless we could make real the moral perspective and moral elevations of the city. In an admirable paper by Mr. Francis Tiffany, he compares this city, the head of ecclesiastical machinery, with such a manufacturing place as Lowell or Holyoke: "Imagine all the mills in Lowell one vast corporation temple; the bulk of the operatives in it, priests and temple servants; the fabrics turned out creeds, treatises, or disputations; the tenement owners dependent on pilgrims for their lodgers; the neighboring farmers finding the market for their wood, cattle, and oil in selling them for the sacrifices, or for the maintenance of those performing the sacrifices, —do all this, and you have a rough but palpable working idea of Jerusalem."

It is a great virtue to restrain the tongue, to know how to be silent even though we are in the right.

It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy; and it is only by thought that labor can be made happy.

Testing Her Innocence.—A poor pale Paris seamstress was arraigned for theft. She appeared at the bar with her baby of eleven months on her arm. She went to get some work one day and stole three gold coins of ten francs each. The money was missed soon after she left her employer, and a servant was sent to her room to claim it. The servant found her about to quit the room with the three gold coins in her hand. She said to the servant, "I am going to carry them back to you." Nevertheless she was taken to the Commissioner of Police, and he ordered her to be sent to the police-court for trial. She was too poor to engage a lawyer, and, when asked by the judge what she had to say for herself, she replied, "The day I went to my employer's I carried my child with me. It was in my arms, as it is now. I wasn't paying attention to it. There were several gold coins on the mantelpiece, and, unknown to me, it stretched out its little hand and seized three pieces, which I did not observe until I got home. I at once put on my bonnet, and was going back to my employer to return them, when I was arrested. This is the solemn truth, as I hope for Heaven's mercy." The Court could not believe this story. The judge upbraided the mother for her impudence in endeavoring to palm off such a manifest lie for the truth. He besought her, for her own sake, to retract so absurd a tale, for it could have no effect but to oblige him to sentence her to a much severer punishment than he was disposed to inflict upon one so young and evidently so deep in poverty. These appeals had no effect, except to strengthen the poor mother's pertinacious adherence to her original story. As this firmness was sustained by that look of innocence which the most adroit criminal can never counterfeit, the Court was at some loss to discover what decision justice demanded. To relieve his embarrassment the judge proposed a renewal of the scene described by the mother. Three gold coins were placed on the clerk's table. The mother was requested to assume the position in which she stood at her employer's house. There was then a breathless pause. The baby soon discovered the bright coins, eyed them for a moment, smiled, and then stretched forth its tiny hand and clutched them with a miser's eagerness. The mother was at once acquitted.